

# \* The New Yoike Toike \*

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NEW YOIKE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1982

00 SENSE

## BFC Invades Falklands



BFC and heavy artillery on the move.

In a press conference early this morning, British Defence Minister John Snot revealed that the British forces were not responsible for the retaking of the Falkland Islands. Snot said that, 'A small, non-existent group of men wearing blue hard hats and carrying cases of beer actually engineered and carried out the Falkland invasion.' After the take-over of the Islands, they were handed over to the British Forces.

It was later discovered that the group responsible was the infamous BFC, working out of Mario's Bakery in Newark, New Jersey. A spokesman for the BFC stated, 'We've been training steadily over the past year with beer cap flippin' and small nite-time invasions at the University of Toronto. Tools also had to be procured, which necessitated a trip to Waterloo.'

The BFC, along with the U of T nurses, who provided first aid (and other types of aid), originally set sail in the confiscated El Marlo from the Humber Yacht Club. There was a slight delay when it sank due to the excess amount of beer aboard. To fulfill the need for a larger ship, the HM-CS Haida was taken.

After a two day journey, the edge of the war zone was reached. A man wearing a silver hard hat would not comment on how the journey was completed so quickly, but only stated that, 'Nothing can slow down the BFC.' It is believed that empty beer bottles were left into the ocean to confuse the Argentine radar. The Argentine submarines torpedoed the empties, thus wasting ammunition and acquiring several millions of dollars worth of fines from Brewer's Retail.

At the edge of the war zone, the Skulemen parted for two days before going into battle. And then it began. A single blast from the Mighty Cannon, a raise of the sword, and the

fearless men charged into battle. It was ugly: full beers were smashed; Argentine artsies were taunted and tortured. The battle raged on for minutes. And then it was over.

The Argentine military reportedly dropped their guns and ran when they heard the LCMB warming up. (These reports have since been proven wrong as their instruments were confiscated by the Red Cross for the purpose of humanitarianism.) Left in the wake of the battle were smoldering cigarette butts, battered beer bottles, artsies tied up to prevent them from masturbating, and Argentine women panting and moaning, 'Cum back, please cum back.'

The casualties to the BFC were light, even though this was one of the longest battles ever fought by these valiant men before achieving victory.

The only fatality occurred when a perma-flosh was attacked from the rear by an artsie while he was simultaneously emptying a case of rum and abusing nine women. A Skule funeral will be held on Wednesday with free beer and nurses afterwards.

An un-named Engineering Society executive who also went along on the voyage made a personal assault on the shepherds and especially their flocks. In his battle he took Peter, the shepherd, prisoner and obtained a severe limp. (Or was that—he obtained a severely limp Peter?) Another young man mistook an Argentine mortar for a urinal in a state of drunkenness. The mortar became plugged and the shell exploded in the mortar. The full extent of his (or maybe its) damage will not be known until he returns to Wilson Hall.

One of the Skulemen was caught and taken to Buenos Aires. He is believed to be a third year Chem, but his name is being with-held, as Peto (oops, it slipped out-Ed.) asked

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## Historical Board Fights To Save Metro Library

By FAY C. LIFT

Special to the NEW YOIKE TOIKE

On the day following the successful publication of the spring *Toike*, early rising Engineers spent countless hours trying to decipher the scrawl on the wall to no avail. Since it had no apparent technical significance, the resourceful Engineers approached an English Literature professor with an Egyptian syntax minor, hopeful that he could offer some assistance. After great deliberation, the glorified artsie decided that the first two symbols 'W' and 'O' were equivalent to the English expression 'WOAH'. At this point he stopped reading, figuring all the other symbols contained no relevant information. [Actually he was right.] He then quickly excused himself, explaining that he was anxious to reach his office where a copy of the *Toike-Oike* awaited him.

A few minutes after the departure of the distinguished professor, Pete Weick stumbled past and was asked for his opinion on the collection of

mysterious symbols. Since Peter can only read beer labels [albeit with difficulty], this effort also proved fruitless. At this time, prospective Engineering Society President, good-natured, friend of the friendless, slightly-balding, all-round nice guy Wayne Levin sauntered by. Seeing the graphics upon the wall, Wayne mused: 'I have such a busy, busy schedule that I must have missed the last edition of the *Toike*.' [sssss-Ed. note] Wayne then applied all of his savvy and know-how and struggled to pass the two-letter barrier. Since his vocabulary is limited to four [or less] letter words, he interpreted the message to read 'WOME REVE'. The English translation of this Latin phrase, for all who do not know or care to know is, 'The Valley Girls were here!' Evidently, news of the latest *Toike* had spread like wildfire, drawing eager readers from far and near.

The Engineers were quite flattered that the girls had thought to leave a note of their appreciation, but agreed that

they might have chosen to drop their message off in the Eng Offices instead of reverting to cave person tactics. The Engineers, after further contemplation, also realized that this expression of gratitude could not remain upon the wall as its stark contemporary style conflicted with the ornate architecture of the library. However, removing the graphics would prove to be no easy task. Experts in the field of historical building renovation were called in from all over North America, Europe, and Zambia for consultation. It was concluded, after much debate, that preservation of the building's exterior would require the most gentle and sophisticated cleaning procedure. [Short of a toothbrush and scouring powder]. The decision eventually reached was that the each grain of sand from the edifice will be removed and numbered with a diamond-tipped extra-fine Bic pen. Each particle will be wrapped separately and shipped by air to Harvard

Continued on Page 4.

## Sac Sux

## Beer To Be Sold At Blues Games



Boad and fans voice approval of DAR's decisioo.

TRAWNA, Sept. 14—The New Yoike *Toike* has learned through a reliable source at the Screw U Department of Athletics and Recreation (DAR) that beer will be sold at Varsity Stadium during the U of T Varsity Blues regular season and home playoff games. Our source stated that the department has wanted to sell beer at football games for many years now, but wasn't able to until the liquor laws were changed because Billy wants to drink at the games without being hassled. Under the revised liquor laws, DAR will finally be able to go for-

ward with its plans to sell beer at the football games.

It was hoped that beer-selling facilities would be in place for the Blues preseason game against the University of Western Ontario Mustangs, but due to delays in getting approval from the University Governing Council (what else do you expect?), this was not possible. During the preseason game, the east stands remained closed as the beer taps and improved washrooms (i.e. they're repainting the troughs) are still being installed. We have been assured that the work will be completed before the Blues fir-

st regular season home game against the University of Windsor on September 25. Rumour has it that the press people won't show up if the Lady Codiva Memorial Band isn't back on the east side of the stadium for the next game, far, far away from the press box.

When asked to explain why DAR wanted to sell beer at Varsity Stadium, our trusty source stated that the two main reasons were spectator safety and increased revenue for the department. Spectators will now be able to watch the football game instead of ducking flying bottles. (they'll be ducking flying plastic cups instead.) This should reduce the number of injuries due to broken glass and bottles bounced off heads, etc., especially during York vs. U of T football games. The Yorkies are just jealous of the Engineers and their fantastic (?) band.

Engineers are still advised to wear their hardhats to all football games because many people (and artsies) won't read and/or believe this article and they're going to smuggle in the booze anyway.

The increase in revenue will come from three sources: beer sales, increased gate receipts, and increased concession stand business. The sale of beer at Varsity Stadium is expected to attract football fans who previously were scared to get caught with their mickies (i.e.

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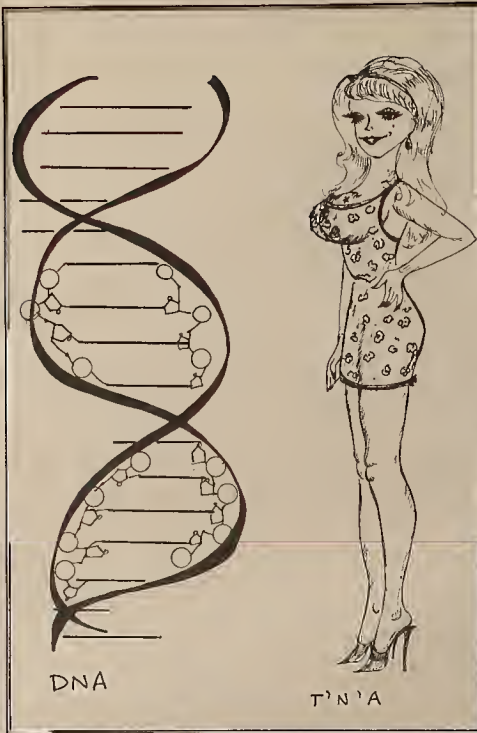
## Genetic Engineering

## U of T Forges A Head

Toike Oike foreign correspondents were amazed to find what appeared to be an avocado-green kitchen blender standing on the lab bench of the ultra-sophisticated U of T genetic engineering laboratory. Closer examination uncovered a barely-conspicuous, hand-lettered sign taped to the inside of the battery compartment which revealed the true function of the device: CAUTION—SUPER DUPER GENE SPLIGER. "This device is a miracle of modern scientific design, although the colour clashes with the lab decor," proclaims Dr. Melvin Muddle, Associate Chairman of the Department of Genetic Engineering. Having performed extensive tests on the one-of-a-kind Gene Splicer, he now asserts that, "With various snap-on attachments it can chop, slice, grate, even puree, all at the touch of a button."

It was Professor Muddle, along with his colleagues Hi Daily and Salvatore Finkk, who purchased the amazing splicer from K-Tel at a cost of \$2.1 million to facilitate their work with recombinant DNA. The three men, whose research is funded by the government, have since stunned the scientific community by the rapidity with which they have spent their \$17 million grant. Following the costly relocation of their laboratories in Hawaii, where, they explain, "the conditions favour stronger DNA," the trio of scientists spent over \$3 million on a box of Snappy Gappy Test Tubes alone. Tragically, the test tubes were somehow misplaced during an open-air experiment on Waikiki Beach, and the scientists admit that they cannot find the receipt. "We're just a bunch of absent-minded professors," apologizes Dr. Muddle.

Nonetheless, the scientists claim to have accomplished some amazing feats of genetic



engineering. "I crossed a chinchilla with a kangaroo and got a fur coat with pockets," boasts Professor Finkk, polishing off his fifth Zombie of the morning. "That's nothing. I crossed a cockatoo with a suckerfish," brags Daily, before downing a Black Russian in one gulp. "I don't know what I got, but it sure hates to be called by name."

The inspired scientists refuse to satisfy themselves with these staggering achievements. They are determined to continue working as long as tax payers foot the bill, aided only by their meager 197 member of staff of lab technicians, gag

writers, and hula girls. "I'm presently trying to crossbreed a parakeet and a titmouse. I could go far with a nice parafits," Professor Muddle confided to Toike reporters, mixing up a fresh pitcher of pina colodas in the Gene Splicer. His enthusiasm is impressive testimony to the limitless possibilities of genetic engineering (hic).

What do you get when you cross a prostitute and an epileptic?

A screw that always fits.

## News Summary

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1982

An archeological expedition to the Middle East has made a startling discovery. It seems that Iran and Iraq have in fact been the same country all along. Religious leader Muammar Fayim Gaingbange was quoted as saying, "This is the biggest spelling mistake in history." Since the discovery, life has become peaceful in the Mideast, the "new" country being christened "Iranq" in remembrance of the infamous blunder. The Ayatollah was last seen tearing up his turban and has since gone into seclusion.

A recent announcement by the U.S. Military has confirmed suspicions that the real purpose of the Space Shuttle's famous mechanical arm is to write "Nyet, Nyet, Soviet" on Russian ICBMs, and redirect them towards Moscow, in the event of nuclear attack. When asked to comment, Ronald Reagan could only say, "Well, what'll they think of next?"

Informed sources in Bolivia say that civil war seems imminent after a heated dispute broke out concerning which way watermelon should be cut. The militant right wing insists on a circular cross-section, while the leftists will settle for no less than a perfect wedge. Leader of the "wedge" partisans, Major Jose Fellatiano

says a war would be "long and bloody" and must be avoided "at all costs." A spokesman for the White House revealed that President Reagan "has been itching to blow all of South America off the map ever since that darn Falklands thing. Only thing is, Nancy keeps telling him, 'Why waste good missiles on those peasants, when they would do so much more good aimed at the Kremlin.' And, anyway, Ronnie admits to having a soft spot for Brazil, since Bonzo was born there."

A campaign to raise funds for venereal disease research was scrapped when too many people started taking the campaign slogan, "V.D.: Give Freely," literally.

Dean Slemon finally put his foot down on the choice of non-tech electives presently available to engineering students. In the future, Arts and Science courses having Pre-requisite: Grade 6, Co-requisite: Heartbeat, and Exclusion: Brains, will be removed from the curriculum. The BFC protested the move by shipping a truckload of goats to the Dean's office. Although the Dean would not reverse his decision, the goats were promptly claimed by Med Sci for future considerations.

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## Toike \*iKE

The Mourning After: I was gonna get a haircut today, but I think it might hurt too much!

Mary: I mean, what good is an empty bed?

Engynr: Always leave a church key in the beer fridge in case you get locked in.

Alla: How do I like my Lada? Well done.

Nameless: I have to make my periods more pronounced so the typesetters can see them.

Bruce: It was Dave's idea, but I'm going to go skinny-dipping with Mary anyway!

Reject: We went skinny-dipping once. The girls never spoke to us again.

Dave: I was so excited that I fell off the couch.

Al: Cum on, Steev, show them you're nuts.

Disgusted: You want me to hold your rubber thing?

Frigette: I can't hold it like this all the time!

Femeng: Oh, my, this is a long one.

Lena: So, that's what the bulge was.

Cee Dee: It would be nice to have one that big.

Jeffy: OH NO! It's breaking up!

Flrosh: Are you kidding?

Wheels: No, I'm Jeff.

Kurpis: They're after us! Quick, let's change shirts.

Everyone: The mice are dumb, but not that dumb!

Jock: Now you, too, can be hot and sweaty!

Tease: Sorry, I can't make it tonight.

Greek: Let's go back to the original position. My bum hurts.

Pete: I hope that Mark cums soon.

He's got so much more experience than me.

Mark: Yes, I'm a legend in my own mind.

Peckem: I wonder how much my I.Q. has dropped since I came here.

Greg: By the way, Mary, what good is an empty bed?

Mary: I don't know; I've never had that problem!

Angel: I'm fading!

Twinkled Toes: No, you're not. You're still a figment of my imagination.

Alla: I was nothing!!!

Ellia: Stop calling me Alla!

God: But my name is Barry.

Barry: O.K., put that in if you can't find anything better!

ELEC: I could have flussed all night.

The Boys: Let's get her in her most natural position: horizontal and on top.

The Funnel: Wouldn't that be perfect?!

Editurd: I told you guys a million times, don't exaggerate!!!

Boaster: My rear end is highly visible so I obviously have sensuous buns.

Virgin: Really? Only half my rear is working.

Campaigner: For Shinerama we walk up and down the streets and solicit people.

Aide: Right. And the money goes toward buying drugs.

Snobette: I have a strong aversion to being picked up!

Efficient: Forget the vacuum—I'll use my hands!

Mark: The Troll was such an inspiration to us (to run away and hide).

Bear: I can't lose my shoelaces!!!

Not until I'm married!!!

Lena: It's hard to get it through the hole when you've lost that plastic thing.

## The New Yoike Toike

The Toike Oike is published bi-occasionally by the Engineering Society to relieve the dreary dullness of U of T non-life. This paper is not to be taken seriously, so please don't be offended by the stuff you see in it. The Editors & Co. are holed up in the basement of the Sandford Phlegmyng Bldg. You can drop off your ideas/articles/complaints/etc. there, or call them at 978-5377. We could use some help, too!

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## Letters

Dear Ms. Godiva:

In perusing the last issue of The New Yoike Toike (i.e. the pseudo-Varsity), my professional interest was piqued by an article on women's troubles. In his nauseously detailed technical paper, the author evaluated various obstacles to a women's freedom, but I feel it is only fair to point out the problems of a dick (i.e. a penis):

- 1) You have a mouth with no teeth;
- 2) You have a head with no brains;
- 3) You constantly hang around with a couple of nuts;
- 4) Your nearest neighbour is an asshole; and
- 5) Your best friend is a cunt (if you're lucky).

So stick it up your ass!

Connie Lingus, MD  
Gynecologist

Dear Miss G.:

Tell Connie that she's damn right!

Hugh G. Recton

Dear Godiva's Box:

We're launching a class-action suit against the writers and publishers of the *Flosh Handbook*. For their information, the Athletic Centre is no longer a place where you pick up girls. It is place where girls pick you up, with huge, brawny arms, then dash you to the floor and perform deep squat thrusts all over your rib cage with their monstrous, stumplike legs; and they smash your Adam's apple and tear off your lips; and they're like gorillas, and don't ever, ever go there, because you'll wind up in the hospital all bruised and squashed like an old banana, with a high, squeaky voice.

A Bunch, of Bruised,  
Squashed Flosh

Dear Godiva's Box:

Yeeee-owl Waa-hool I'm a drunk letter, and I'm gonna embarrass the hell out of everyone. First, if there's any letters from women on this page, I'm gonna sex'em till they just lie there like poleaxed prize Ohio hogsl Then I'm gonna snort a whole pile of coke, right here on this page, and go ape-hairy and rip all the letters from skinny medises into little shreds, and then...uh-oh...Bleachhh...blb lbl Wa-Hooooooh! (Editor's note: One of these assholes sneaks in here every once in a while. Sorry.)

Dear G.B.:

What you guys really need is me. I'm a natural! I get laughs just introducing myself.

Irving Peckerhead,  
Sudbury, Ontario.

Dear Godiva's Box:

I'm sure you realize that Chinese restaurants have the lowest hygiene standards this side of Calcutta, and that what you call a household pet, we consider hearty soup base. The food is really greasy and gooeey and it leaves you feeling nauseous and dizzy. But less than an hour later you want more, and you keep going back for it. Know why? We put opium in the sweet and sour sauce. Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha,ha!

Wai So Fat,  
Old Chinatown.

Dear Godiva's Box:

I'm a Man's Man. I'm a Bull of a Man. I'm a Bejaysus of a Bull. I'm a Powerhouse. I'm Iron Willed. I'm a Tower of Talent, a Pinnacle among Presidents, a helluvan engineer. I'm the King of the Castle. I'm a Man Surrounded by Pygmies, a Giant among Men. I'm a Man's-Man's Man's Man. I'm a (discontinued due to lack of space)

Wayne Levin,  
Singing my praises to the stars.

Dear Abby:

I think I'm in the wrong column.

A Gon-fuzed Flosh

Dear G.B.:

Remember back in the seventies, when guys were going around admitting that they cried sometimes, and talked to plants, and just wanted to curl up in a woman's arms and be comforted? Well, I said all that shit, but only so I could get laid.

Really. I take it all back.

Vince Volpe  
Palermo, Sicily

Dear Godiva's Box:

Boy, I'll bet you print some letters just to fill up space.

I.M. Bright

Dear Godiva's Box:

I'm a geoeengineer and I specialize in icebergs. Last year I flew up to the Johnson iceberg field in the Arctic. Johnson icebergs are being broken up, towed by boats to the Middle East, and sold to the Arabs for fresh ice and water. However, like most Canadians, I'm pissed off at those camel kissers over there. So I ask myself, what can a pissed-off geoeengineer do? Well, he can piss all over the Johnson icebergs, that's what he can do. Thousands of miles from here, maybe at this very minute, those guys are drinking Coke or whiskey, or whatever they drink, and it's iced with pisscubes from a pissberg! Ah, revenge is sweet.

Vanny,  
Dept. of Geological Eng.,  
University of Toronto.

Dear Godiva's Box:

I'm an iceberg, and Johnson the Iceberg was my little brother, and nobody calls us pissbergs. I'm coming to get you, Vanny. It may take time, but you've had it. Remember the Titanic.

Harvey the Iceberg,  
The North Pole.

Dear Godiva's Box:

I understand that some engineers were given a guided tour of the SAC offices last week, and I'm not making any accusations or anything, but if you took a shit please give it back—we're missing one. No questions will be asked.

SAG Prez,  
University of Toronto

Dear Godiva's Box:

You want to know what would straighten out this fucked-up world? If everybody died! That's what! So unless you're prepared to sacrifice yourself for the sake of the universe, shut up and don't complain.

Solutions to Big Problems,  
Ottawa, Ontario.

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usto.

There were several incidences of shortness of breath. These are believed to have been faked and can be attributed to the fact that the U of T nurses were offering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. After all, who wouldn't fake it after seeing the nurses?

The BFC is expecting many new volunteers from the Flosh 8T6 class to help the British keep control of the Islands. The recruits will be given free beer and allowed to associate with any of several nurses. They will also be equipped with paint remover to repel any unexpected and unmerited future assaults by the UTWC.



## Canadianize





# Student's Guide to Engineering Textbooks

The most outstanding feature of engineering textbooks is that they tend incomprehensible to be. Textbooks are big business, which means that there must be a complete textbook turnover every two years. In other words, a lot of work goes into making a textbook very poor, yet at the same time making it look very good. A text can never be too good, because then it wouldn't have been published.

The first thing an author does when writing an engineering textbook is choose a topic. This, of course, is done with his wallet in mind: the wider the application, the fatter the text, the higher the price. Thus, by choosing a very broad topic, the author can be assured that 750 students in each of three courses will give up \$37 each for a 600 page text, rather than \$20 each for three different 200 page texts. But then, no one questions the motives of a man intelligent enough to write 29 chapters on a topic such as 'Differential Equations' or 'Electrochemistry.' The student is not required to read every word (unless he's an Eng Sci-then he reads it twice, even between the lines). A course will inevitably cover only a fraction of the text. The rest is suitable for doodling, bird cage lining, and paper airplanes.

Whereas the topic of an engineering text is selected with \$\$\$\$ in mind, the technical aspects are determined mindlessly. Take the cover, for example. It must have some sort of microscopic drawing of a whatcha-ma-call-it on the front. This is done to give the impression that the text is up-to-date and relevant to today's needs. The lettering usually resembles the print-out

from a computer to create the illusion that the text is ultra-modern and sophisticated. The book will, of course, be available only in hardcover and only in very limited edition. The average text is also revised every couple of years. Revision entails randomly changing the page numbers, shuffling around the diagrams, and adding ten new problems to each end-of-chapter problem section. In all editions, the print will be so small and crowded as to render standard yellow highlighters useless. Also, the paper will be either so glossy that 5 minutes of reading induces a mild migraine, or so absorbent that highlighters sink through two pages. The latest trend is to use only one-half of the page for the actual print—the 10 cm margins enable the author to include blurry pictures. If recycled paper has been used, this will be clearly stated in at least half a dozen places in an attempt to make ecology-conscious engineers forgive the quality of the textbook and make them less likely to consider it a waste of paper.

The book will be illustrated throughout in black, white, and one other exceedingly repulsive colour such as ochre or apple green. This, of course, will be a colour which does not photocopy. Two-tone illustrations, which always manage to be the hardest to understand, pop up with amazing regularity. (Authors like to try making their books look pretty.) Thankful, these (poor quality) illustrations fill the need of the student to concentrate on something during lectures in order to avoid falling asleep.

Content is, of course, the

most important part of any engineering textbook, which is why it is considered last. Any Joe Blow can write 600 pages full of shit and call it a book. And that is exactly what most engineering authors do. The majority of the texts begin with a preface (the part you read when you're either bored with the rest of the book or you're so worried you'll miss something that you start at the very beginning). The preface will contain numerous apologies as to why the book is not as a) broad; b) detailed; c) simply written; d) coherent; e) etc., as the author would have liked it to be because of the space limitations. If the book is a revised edition, the author will elaborate on the revisions. He will also passionately claim that he has combined theory with practical problems wherever possible. The preface will end with a list of all the people who helped write the book, and expressions of gratitude to all the author's immediate (and not-so-immediate) friends and/or relations and/or colleagues. This is designed to show that the author is a modest and real human being.

Following the preface is the 'Table of Contents.' This is a detailed listing of every obscurely-titled chapter, section, sub-section, and paragraph. This tries (but somehow fails) to imply that the author is very well organized, so that any trouble the student has in locating a section is his fault alone. Chapters are organized according to the particular whims of the author. There is a standard format, however. Most chapters start off with (or are interrupted by) a quotation or short poem vaguely related to the subject, the future, or

Continued From Page 1.

University [the U O F T. of the South] where the most sophisticated equipment and most highly-skilled technicians are found. Due to the minute size of the grains, each will be cleaned under a scanning electron microscope with the gentle pulsating action of a dual beam laser.

The cleaning process will take a long time, but not as long as it will take to replace each grain of sand in its proper location. It is thought that the building restoration will employ approximately one hundred and six B.A. graduates for the next twelve and one-half years. [At least they will have something useful to do!] How much will all this cost, you may ask? Well, the approximate figure given was \$169,000. And where will all the money come from you may ask?

The treasurer of this fine institution of higher learning [an Engineer of course] decreed that the money used for fun-

ding various women's groups around the campus will be appropriated to pay for the cleaning. This unfortunate[?] decision has caused the demise of many women's groups. [Boo hoo. Sob, sob.] Some of the money will eventually [maybe] be paid back to the women, but no affirmative action will take place until the year 2069. [University bureaucracy of course!]

One prominent damsel of distress, who shall be nameless [since there are so many of them], is now valiantly selling pencils on the corner of St. George Street and College Street [the position previously held by everyone's friend and fun-loving guy, Wayne Levin] to raise funds for her starving and deprived followers. Be kind to this vendor. Ask her for a pencil sharpening trick. It will surely satisfy even the most discriminating customer. After all, at least it is useful, unlike some of the antics her kind have perpetrated in the past.

## BLATANT FILLER

the universe from some insignificant mathematician-cum-philosopher who lived at least 1000 years ago (the older the better). This, again, is an attempt by the author to assert himself as a true literary man.

A few historical anecdotes may be strewn throughout the chapter, blissfully providing the student with something he can understand without re-reading 9 times. All formulae are derived from first principles, using advanced calculus wherever possible, and each law is given its own subchapter. Impossible-to-draw Greek symbols are used exclusively and the meaning of each symbol is explained once and only once, usually in the middle of a page of a remotely-related chapter.

Several sample problems will, undoubtedly, be thrown in to enlighten the student as to the practical applications of each chapter's material. At least one is of the plug-in-the-numbers type, to stress the importance of being able to regurgitate formulae, while most of the others are completely abstract, to stress the importance of *not* relying on memorized formulae. There will, of course, be a series of problems for the student to do. Two-thirds will be extremely easy to build up the student's confidence; the remaining third will prove that he really doesn't know what the hell is going on. Then there will be one (usually marked with an asterisk) which even throws Eng Sci types. In no way will any of the problems resemble those found in Schaum's Outlines under the same topic. Besides, the totally unique notation of the author usually renders Schaum's useless. Any moderately difficult problems (i.e. as challenging as those found on exams) will be so specialized that no general knowledge can be gained from doing them. Near the end of the book, in a section labelled 'Solutions to Selected Problems', the answers (not solutions) to the easy problems (odd numbers only) are usually given (with the wrong units). If a complete solution to any of

the harder problems appears, the method used will be far removed from that presented in the text, and one of the major steps will be totally unexplained.

Also found in the back of the text is the index. This is basically the Table of Contents organized in alphabetical order. It is neatly padded with the names of everyone referred to in the book, with the corresponding page numbers. Any laws or formulae named after someone will not be listed under the proper names and will not be located on or near the page numbers cited.

Although most engineering textbooks follow the aforementioned pattern, there are certain outstanding features about each according to their particular subject matter. For instance, Chemistry texts have 75% of all examples referring to a) an ethanol-water system; b) a solution of sodium chloride in water; c) the titration of HCl with NaOH. All Electricity texts refer only to point charges and wires of infinite length. Problems in Mechanics concern themselves with either frictionless systems and construction cranes, or bicycle wheels and spaceships. Algebra requires solving  $n$  systems of  $2n+p$  equations with  $3n$  coefficients in  $n+1$  space.

All Calculus texts contain as many abstract equations as there are decimal places for pi. Computer manuals always include a couple of sample problems that use the least common functions mixed with the absolute basics and variable names chosen with 'imagination' and 'humour'. Graphics texts come complete with 3-D glasses (2 pair!) so you can watch CITY-TV's 3-D movies without going to Becker's.

A student experiencing difficulty in understanding his text can always try attending lectures, or if he is really desperate, he can turn to the t.a. but in that case, the student was probably better off with the text. At least it spoke English.

SHINERAMA '82 • SHINERAMA '82 • SHINERAMA '82

## BREATHE IF YOU SUPPORT THE FIGHT AGAINST CYSTIC FIBROSIS

COME ON OUT

Saturday Sept. 18, 1982

SANDFORD FLEMING  
CAFETERIA

Breakfast	7:30 a.m.
Shining	9:00 a.m.
Barbeque	4:00 p.m.
Shiner Dance	8:00 p.m.

"Help give a child  
the breath of life"



SHINERAMA '82 • SHINERAMA '82 • SHINERAMA '82



## So You Want To Be Famous?

"Act?"

Herschel was perplexed. He had weasled out of his Applied Functional Analysis exam last spring by petitioning on the grounds that he had an infection of the urinary tract. Herschel didn't really think that, but said so anyway, and won.

"Now that's acting!" mused Herschel. But to do it on stage before hundreds of people? That burning sensation when he peed began to appear as if it would be the highlight of his year.

Dawn was breaking on Herschel's fourth year at U of T, and in Engineering Science to boot, and not once had he joined in an officially sanctioned so-called "Extra-curricular" activity. There was the time he demonstrated his own technicolour yawn at the Dean of Men of Devonshire House in the basement of East House after chugging a yard of Blackhorse Ale during a particularly eventful Pig Night. But that is hardly what one would call an "Activity", not with a straight face anyway.

"Well, make up your mind," snorted Sol impatiently. "Are you coming to the SKULE NITE meeting...OR NOT?"

Herschel looked vacant. Unfortunately, this was the look he had when most alert. Naturally, this confused nearly everyone.

SKULE NITE? What the hell kind of a name is that for...for what? Herschel had some vague idea that singing and dancing was involved. Maybe even comedy. What did any of that have to do with him? He couldn't sing...much. Herschel fondly recalled one

particularly bolsterous evening at the Jolly Miller when he gave an inspired rendition of both Four and Twenty Virgins and The North Atlantic Squadron. The bartender was not amused, and overspiced Herschel's Rum Caesar in revenge...And dancing?! After he had sprained his putchkie doing the "Bus Stop" when in Grade 12, Herschel had taken a "fuck-this-action-jackson" attitude about dancing. So, there he was. A has-been, or more correctly, a never-was, and still "they" wanted him in SKULE NITE, whoever the hell "they" were.

"All right! All right already!" blustered Herschel. "I'll go to the meeting. But, like, you know, what's going to happen, you know?"

Sol considered, for just a moment, punching Herschel out, inasmuch as he had told the bimbo all about SKULE NITE each fall since first year. But Sol, a more gentle soul than most, relented, and chose, instead, to grab Herschel by the nose (given the sizeable handgrip available) and lecture him once again.

"Listen up, you neophyte! SKULE NITE is the annual musical-comedy revue produced by the Engineering students at U of T. This academic year, the show, which typically consists of 20 - 40 sketches, songs, dances, blackouts, funny bits, lampoons and big production numbers, will play at Hart House Theatre from March 9 - 12, 1983. Auditions will be held October 20 and 21, and 26 - 28, 1982. Rehearsals will begin January 3, 1983, and will last 9 weeks until show

time. The script is entirely written and/or compiled by the members of SKULE NITE throughout the fall. All new members (any faculty, sex, or level of interest) are welcome to any meeting, and to the auditions in particular! Just consult the bulletin boards, newspapers or the Engineering Society Offices (978-2917) for time and location. But come out, and see how the BEST on-campus variety show is reborn every year!"

Sol had said the above in one breath; so he fainted after gasping out the final word. Herschel was impressed. 'Marvellous breath control,' thought Herschel, although his Rachael was known to have the best.

Herschel decided then and there to come out to a SKULE NITE writing meeting. He had an idea about a sketch involving a singing frog which is found in the cornerstone of a demolished building by a vagrant who then tries to act as the frog's agent except the frog will only sing when the vagrant is alone so everyone thinks the vagrant is nuts and...

Why don't YOU come out to a SKULE NITE writing meeting? They will be held weekly at Hart House. Herschel will be there. You can be too. Anyone can steal ideas from Chuck Jones and Bugs Bunny.

## Special Announcement

The Blue and Gold Committee is looking for new candidates for its bi-occasional "Bod of the Year" pageant. If you think you know a lady who qualifies, or are that sumptuous lady yourself, get out the SK-70 and let's see some skin. We're talking only bodies. She doesn't have to sing or dance or have a nice personality. We'll take bitches, nags, slob, or hoseheads. She can be a shellfish in bed; it doesn't matter. Unlike most contests glorifying the female, this one is interested only in the flesh. Send your entries to:

The Blue and Gold "Bod of the Year" Pageant  
c/o Toike Oike

Sandford Fleming Building

University of Toronto

Toronto, Ontario

The non-existent BFC chief will be the final judge on all events.



One of the many contenders last year, from St. Hilda's College. Obviously a zoology major.

## A PUN-ishing Horse Race

Ladies and Gentlemen: Welcome to Stopwood Racetrack. My name is Mike Muddleson. Here it is, nearly post-time for the Slowpoke Steaks, a challenge race where a sirloin tip steak is the first prize, and the bone is second. This free-for-all race has an unlimited field, so I won't name all the entries.

Here are some of the horses to really watch for in the 63/64 of a mile race: No. 10 Porcupine - he has a lot of good points; No. 16 Leopard - a real spot runner; No. 7 Mr. Clean - he usually wipes up; No. 9 Tax - a sure collector; No. 69 Sex - generally an ace in the hole to bet on; and No. 3 Tongue - a shoe-in to win. Please note that No. 24 Itch has been scratched.

Well, it's post-time, and they're off. Let's have a hand for No. 2 Poker, the early leader. In second place is No. 12 Nylon, and man, can that ho(r)se run! Currently third is No. 4 Fire who is burning up the track on the inside. Also eager for the lead is No. 28 Beaver. Rounding out the field is No. 18 Circle, and at the tail end is Monkey - No. 21.

Now into the backstretch we have a new leader - No. 6 Sneaker, leading by a foot, with No. 8 Cat behind by just a

whisker, and in the back of the pack is No. 9 Wolves. Now moving up from the middle of the field is No. 5 Orange - and look at that horse peel!

As the horses come around the clubhouse turn, No. 11 Sandwich is eating up the track. Look out for No. 2 Poker, again making a bid, and No. 1 Cirdle, the only filly, she's good in the stretch. With one eighth of a mile left, it's No. 17 Lettuce by a head and No. 15 Rabbit by a hair. Here comes No. 13 Banana trying to give them the slip, while squeezing in on the inside is No. 19 Lemon. The pressure's on, and No. 20 Cookie is beginning to crumble.

Down at the wire - this race is a squeaker - is No. 14 Mouse with No. 23 Drumstick by a leg and No. 26 Crafte by a neck.

Ladies and gentlemen, it's a photofinish; please wait for the official results. There has been a protest entered against two horses: No. 22 Skunk for cheating, since he is a real stinker, and No. 27 Stuart's because he's an illegitimate deal maker.

To complete this PUN-ishing report - the declared winner is No. 25 Developer because he won the photofinish.

Call for 'Labatt's Blue'





# HEY, F!ROSH, M

"What the f!/? is Eng Soc?" you're probably asking yourself, like a typical dumb f!rosh. Well, it stands for the Engineering Society, the official representative of U of T's engineering undergrads. Eng Soc has been around for a long, long time; in fact, 1985 will be its centennial year. Because Engineering is recognized as one of the most spirited faculties here at Trawna U, no other single disorganization, except maybe SAC (that's short for Students' Administrative Council), is more involved in extracurricular activities than Eng Soc. Since everyone knows that SAC SUX, you could say Eng Soc is responsible for the 'fun' this campus sees.

Eng Soc is the one to blame for what happens to you on day one and continues for the next 4 years (at least). It is divided into various committees to complicate life. The Orientation Committee members spend most of the summer scheming up ways to introduce f!rosh to the finer aspects of Skule-life (i.e. beer, nurses, more beer). Then there's the Blue and Cold Committee. (Unless you're colour-blind, you will already have noticed that these are our Skule colours.) This is the bunch to send the bill to for your new hearing aid after the infamous LCMB (Lady Codiva Memorial Bnad) assaults your ears with its specialized brand of torture. You might also charge them for the stitches you'll need after you split your sides at Skule Nite, the annual comedy farce that brings forth some real characters and increases second term's failure rate to 60%. Who's going to do skulework when you can be a star (for a few nites, at least)?

The Blue and Cold Committee is also official protector of Skule's Sacred Symbol: the Cannon. This mighty miniature is actually guarded by the non-existent Brute Force Committee, but since the BFC does not exist, never has existed, and never will exist, we won't mention it. And we won't mention that this group is not responsible for many memorable capers. The BFC can be expected to turn up unexpectedly almost anywhere at any time. Just ask SAC about the fly-by-night

refinishing job(s) on their dome, or the Waterloo Plummers, who discovered that their Ridgid Tool (the only useful tool that campus has to boast of) mysteriously disappeared.

Another important part of Eng Soc is the Communications Committee. They're the ones responsible for the paper you've got in your grubby little hands right now. The chief purpose of the Toike is to bring the plebian hordes some sort of quick relief from the dreary dullness of U of T non-life. It is the (publicly exposed) official organ of the Eng Soc and, unofficially, the official university humour magazine. The Toike is proud to take nothing seriously on its ceaseless crusade against the smothering forces of University blandness. The Toike's sister paper, for those that can't stomach joikes, is *The Cannon*, a more serious, technical paper, which attempts to show that something useful takes place on campus besides pubs. Then there's the Handbook and the Calendar and the Yearbook and ....

Speaking of pubs, don't dare pass up the Oktoberfest Pub. It's the Social Committee's doing. Das beer ist gut and die musik ist loud. Cut time! If you don't like polkas, this committee also holds the semi-formal Cannonball early in each spring term. Now, if you don't like to act civilized once a year either, you can always drop in on one of the engineering pubs held during the year. Who knows—you may be lucky and see a live band. (Note: The LCMB does not qualify.) And if you don't like pubs you are either a) a nurd; b) a wimp; or c) an artsie queer.

The Women's Committee organizes activities mainly for the female engineering students. No, these ladies aren't the radicals that specialize in exterior wall decorating; they can tell joikes and (almost) chug beer just like all good engynrs. They can drink wine, too. The LCBO experiences an annual shortage just about the time of their popular Wine and Cheese Party.

There are some other committees that you don't really want to hear about because

they have nothing to do with f!rosh. Like the Fourth Year Committee which stages the Grad Ball and the Iron Ring Ceremony. But you don't want to hear about them. There is one committee, however, that all frazzled and frustrated freshmen should take note of, and that is the First Year Committee. Through it you can organize almost (we said almost) anything you desire for the amusement of your fellow f!rosh.

Finally, there are Eng Soc's Eng Stores. This is the only store on earth where you can find all your textbooks and supplies and not part with a lot of buks at the same time. This is the place to go when you desperately need last year's exam reprints in order to find out what might be on the exam for the course you skipped all term. You can also see June and Ella at the Stores. Best of all, here you can meet the people who are the Engineering Society, join one (or more) of the committees, and start enjoying your education skillfully and vigorously.



Extra! Read all about it: *The Globe* under new mismanagement.



On your marks, get set, guzzle!!



Even the Cannon attends the Cannonball.



What is that? You mean someone actually brought cheese to a Wine and Cheese Party?!

# MEET ENG SOC!



Oops! You mean we weren't supposed to drink all the beer? But this is an engineering pub!



This is how you drink beer!?



Engineers graduate in style on Skule Nite.



Dear Santa: I want to be Eng. Soc. Prez.



Frosh: This picture does not exist.  
Yours truly, Da Chief



Oh, no—here cums the Bnad!  
Hey, Steev, show us you're nuts!



Kaos is standard at smokers.



Again

# Sandford Phlegming Burns Down

By BEN DOVER

Special to the New Yoike Toike

The reconstruction work on the Sir Sandford Fleming Building has finally been completed, i.e. you can walk by without having to dodge falling bricks, flying cement and other assorted debris. Best of all, the engynrs have been let loose inside. Unfortunately, they also let some artsies in. However, if this unpleasantness is overlooked, a tour of the building will be sure to thrill and amaze engineers who had become accustomed to the home(l)y surroundings of the Old Metro Library. (You flosch don't know what you missed!)

Aside from noticing that there is a fish in the lobby, the astute engineer will surely remark upon the fact that several features have been incorporated into the new structure to aid the handicapped in their travels. These include elevator buttons with braille identification tabs, and washrooms on every floor for those in wheel chairs, as well as gently-sloping ramps.

Two items often missing from buildings equipped for people confined to wheel chairs have been included in the second edition of the Sir Sandford Fleming Buiding. It is impossible to overlook the drinking fountains, placed at such a level that people in wheel chairs can use them. Although we all realize the importance of water to survival



and the difficulty that some of our less fortunate friends may have in reaching fountains at times, why are *all* of the fountains less than one metre (that's approximately 39 inches for those that still don't speak metric) above the floor?

Could it be that the far-sighted architects were expecting wheel chair conventions to be held in Sir Sandford which would create a large demand for water? Maybe the building was designed by a depraved person (medsie, jock, T.A. - take your prick) who likes to watch women in miniskirts bending over. (This could become a great spectator sport in Engineering, but may also result in massive traffic jams in the corridors.) Perhaps these fountains were installed by some feminist who is aching to give an unsuspecting engineer a good, swift kick in

the ass? One thing is almost certain: these fountains will put many engineers into wheel chairs.

Another feature seldom seen in buildings specially equipped for the handicapped is the storage of fire-fighting equipment at a level low enough to be accessible to people in wheel chairs. Unfortunately, in the Sandford Fleming Building, *all* the equipment has been placed low enough so that anybody not confined to a wheel chair will be singed before he can get to it.

If another fire should ever start in the Sir Sandford (*Have you seen all those sprinklers??*) The ceiling will probably collapse first from the sheer weight of all that metal! we are sure that our hero in the wheel chair will be able to rush to one of the numerous fire hoses, pull it out of its cabinet

with ease, and quickly proceed to extinguish the fire. Hopefully, if he passed Mechanics, he will also remember Newton's Third Law in time to understand why he is shooting down the hall at about 54 mph (oops--that's 90 km/h) away from the fire. This will at least speed our hero towards the emergency fire escape. (Yes, you guessed it--stairs, not a ramp!)

While the thoughtful engineer is mulling over present-day architectural innovation, he may stop to ponder the fact that there is nothing special for the deaf in the new building. It should take no more than a few moments of reflection to realize that this was deemed unnecessary because nothing worth hearing will ever be said in it.



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as

"Dan McGrew"

Jan Piekoszewski

as

"Clancy of the Mounties"

with

Wendy James

John Amadio

Graham Skells

Ron McKenzie

Steve Roberts

at

Harbord Collegiate Auditorium

286 Harbord St. (at Euclid Ave.)

Sept. 22-25, 8:00 P.M.

2:00 P.M. Matinee, Sat. Sept. 25

Tickets: \$6.00

Continued From Page 10

### ELE 121S ELECTRICITY AND MASOCHISM

A4-month laboratory course with optional compulsory lectures. The lecture section is a (boring!) introduction to such concepts as the attraction between oppositely-charged bodies and the increase of flux as a primary coil approaches a solenoid until discharge occurs. Alternately, the concept of the Right Hand Sces will be extended to infinitely long rods in the context of self-induction. In the lavatory, (ir)relevant topics will be covered, including reversing the polarity in computer circuits (or how to fuck UTCS), blowing transformers (and other means of getting higher grades), and blacking out the entire eastern seaboard of the U.S. Prerequisite: The knowledge that Gauss was a prick.

Continued From Page 1.

shitless artsies, which means *all* of them! Greater attendance should produce a proportional increase in concession stand business. Although the sale of soft drinks may decline, the slack is expected to be taken up by increased sales of munchies, which will probably be sold at the ridiculously high prices presently charged for pop.

It is expected that the selling of beer in Varsity Stadium will generate a minimum of \$10,000 per game. This prediction is based upon each person buying one beer at \$1.50 per cup and an average attendance equal to that of last season. However, since most university students are alcoholics, especially the Engineers, and very especially Toike staff, the revenue generated by beer sales alone may well exceed \$20,000 per quarter. By comparison, the profits gleaned by ticket sales will be insignificant. At \$2 per game, or \$5 for the season, the cost of admission is lower than the cover charge at many of the local bars.

Once inside the stadium, fans will be able to enjoy seeing the football game with beer in

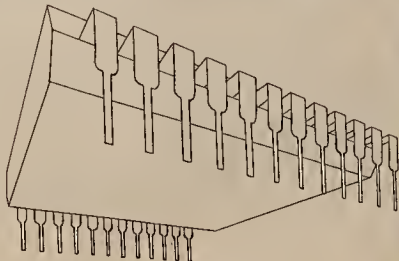
hand. Yes, some people actually watch the game, although most engage in other forms of entertainment, such as listening to the LGMB, passing girls up the stands, and throwing water balloons at lower life forms. And when it's all over, it'll still be early enough to participate in a campus pub crawl.

The profits from the sale of beer are to be split between DAR and the concession operators, DAR receiving 80 percent of the money. It is expected that DAR will use its portion to pay for repairs to Varsity Arena. This should speed up the repair work on the arena roof. Maybe someday students will be able to enter the building without having to worry about the roof collapsing on their heads. (Another reason that Engineers should continue to wear their hard hats.)

If the beer-at-the-stadium program attracts more people to the football games, DAR will try selling beer at the hockey games in order to attract more than the handful of fans which usually attend them. Until then, the Bnad will continue to use those games as practice sessions. Cheers!!!

# Exceltronix

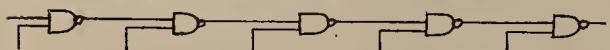
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# ONCE UPON A SODOMITE

(An Engineering Classic)

**O**nce upon a Sodomite  
There lived an artsie lad  
Whose sex life was so desolate  
This story is rather sad

The artsman took a drive  
one night  
When we were all asleep.  
He went out to the country,  
Until he found some sheep.

The artsie wandered zealously  
Into that lonesome flock,  
And then he felt a wild tingle  
Upon his little cock.

The artsman looked around  
and saw  
What he thought was a fleecy  
ewe  
And then he started petting it  
To see what it might do.

The artsman finally fooled  
the Beast  
And slipped behind so quick  
He calmed the sheep from  
nervousness  
By introducing his wee prick.

T'was the loosest hole he had  
ever seen  
And far from being tight  
T'was bigger than his left hand  
And bigger than his right.

The artsman was exhausted  
As he fell into the grass  
And realized that it was a Ram  
He was porking up the ass.

A shepherd came upon him  
He tipped his woollen hat,  
"What you want is pussy",  
And he handed him a cat.

The sheep was much too fiesty,  
Besides sodomy's a sin;  
He chanced upon a little cat,  
And then began to grin.

His trousers fell around his feet  
His mind was full of riddles,  
Of how to clutch the quadraped  
And eat it's Tender Vittles.

He grabbed the tahhy's hind  
two legs  
And thrust him round the yard,  
And though the wheelbarrow  
race was fast,  
The Artsman lost his hard.

Again fatigue had won the fight  
His hands were laced with cuts,  
And when he sat to take a rest  
A squirrel grahhed his nuts.



Once more he took the upper  
hand  
His face grew quickly red,  
He called that squirrel  
"peanut hutter"  
And ordered it to spread.

The Artsman was determined,  
Determined not to fail.  
He grahhed a handful of grey fur  
His first real piece of tail.

Then he panted heavily  
It echoed through the night  
He turned the squirrel over,  
Oh shit, a transvestite!

The Artsman screamed  
"I'm finished  
I've had it, yes I'm through.  
I can't have sex with anything,  
Not squirrel, cat nor ewe."

Now he was bewildered,  
He did not understand.  
He looked upon his wrench  
and said,  
"Introducing my right hand."

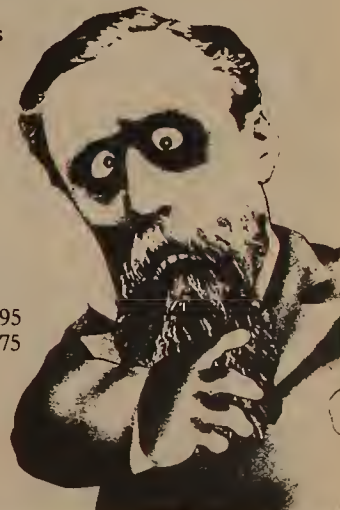
So the universal moral  
That applies throughout  
the land  
Is if you greet an artsman,  
Don't ever shake his hand.

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Clear plastic covers: 30¢  
Ruled pads: 93¢  
Yellow ruled pads: 47¢  
Ruled paper refills: 500 sheets: \$3.95  
200 sheets: \$1.75

Now you've gnt no excuse ont tn come and  
visit. The Engineering Stores is nwood and run by  
the students nf the Engineering Society, but our  
low prices on quality gunds are available tn any  
member nf the University cmmunity.



Skule Calendars are now available for 75¢

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## NEXT ISSUE:

The Magazine  
"OMNI"

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DROPPED OFF AT, OR  
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ENGINEERING SOCIETY  
c/o TOIKE OIKE.  
MEETING FOR  
ANYONE INTERESTED  
IN WRITING OR  
HELPING, i.e. NURSES,  
ENGINEERS, ARTSIES,  
STUMPS, ETC.,  
WEDNESDAY SEPT. 22,  
AT 7:00 P.M., IN ROOM  
B670 OF THE  
SANDFORD FLEMING  
BUILDING





# All Welcome!



# Fool's (i.e. Artsie) Guide to St. George Campus

It has been brought to the attention of the New Yoike Toike that this year's crop of engineering frosch know little or nothing about the architectural marvels that grace the university campus, and that artsie frosch know nothing about anything at all. So, as a public service, we now present to the entire university community this extraordinary campus tour guide.

1. You See College. See it during the day, but avoid it on rainy nights as it is reputedly haunted by Captain Highliner.

2. Constipation Hall. Aerodynamics laboratory and paper airplane assembly plant.

3. Sandford Flaming Building. World's Largest Little Red Schoolhouse.

4. Galbrath Building. Siamese twin to Sandford Flaming, joined at the hips. Head honcho Slemmon lives here; that's why it didn't burn.

5. Forestry. Watch out for Smokey the Bear and those little green men inside who are always flogging their logs!

6. Wallberger Building. Can't miss it—it glows in the dark, thanks to the uranium-glazed wall tiles.

7. Mining Building. Rocks for sale. No frills.

8. Roseburgh Building. Peaceful and quiet. Lots of cobwebs. Industrials sleep here.

9. Mech Building. Winner of Best Early Canadian Wasbroom Decor Award. Has  $n$  floors: Floor 1, Floor 1½, Floor 1¾, ... Kowabunga lurks here.

10. Med Sci. Phew!!! Beware, you never know who they'll be serving for lunch.

11. Metro Library. A former gore-met stop for campus connoisseurs with an enticing waitress (if you were into goats).

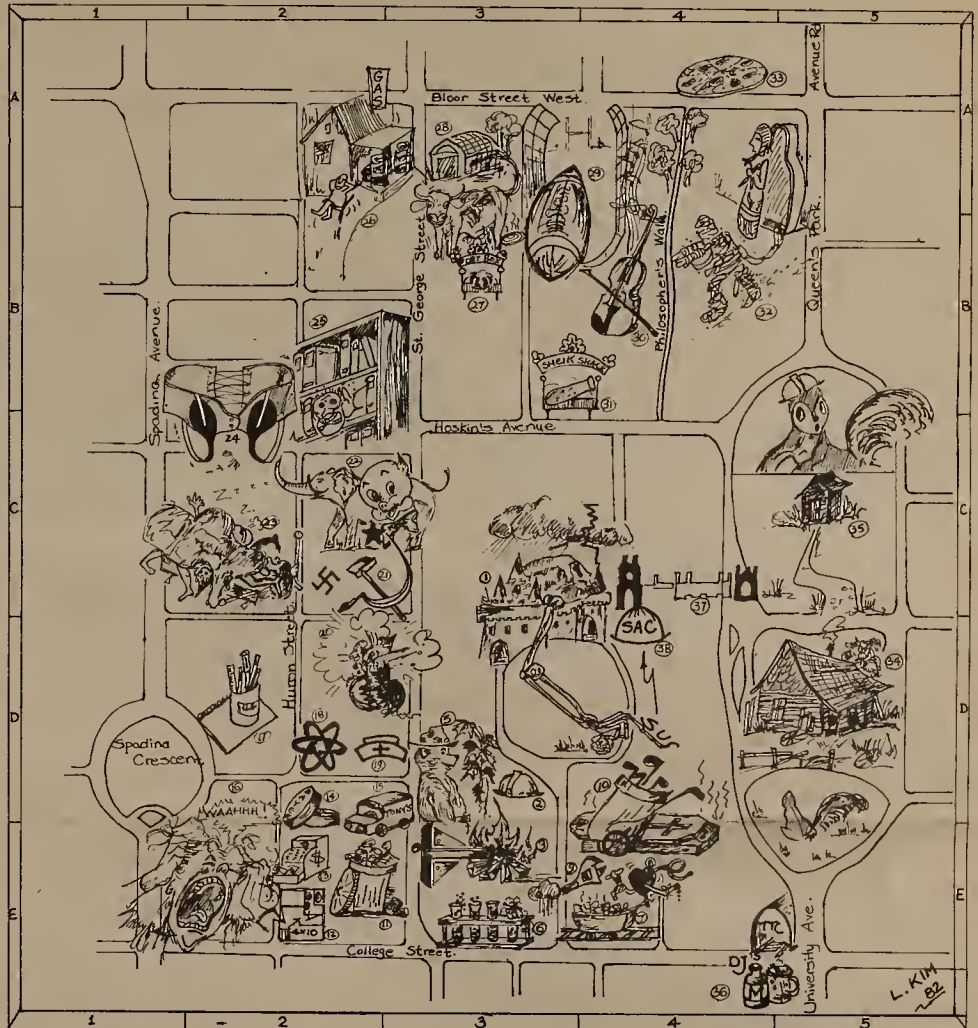
12. Architecture. Abode of the nards who design things like concrete peacocks. See Fort Book.

13. Office of the Comptroiler. \$\$\$ and more \$\$\$ Aaaargh!

14. Pharmacy. Cheap drugs.

15. Tony's. Only guy with enough guts to serve Engineers. Food and friendship served with a smile.

16. Clark's Nut House. Location of Eng Sci common



room, complete with padded walls. You, too, may end up here after your first midterms.

17. Textbook Store. Off limits to engineering frosches. Upperclassmen curse/cry/go broke here.

18. Physies Building. Danger! High Radiation. Frankenstein would look normal inside.

19. Nursing Building. Engineers go here for injections.

20. Lash Miller Building. Artsie pseudo-chemies make love to their Erlenmeyer flasks in here.

21. Sid Smith.  
Dear Mr. Smith:  
Is this where I can join the Young Communist League?  
Yours truly, Ruskie.

22. Gnu College. Movie set for Stereo Wars. Ear plugs, anyone?

23. Zoological Building. What do you get when you cross an owl and a rooster? A cock that stays up all night.

24. Fort Jock. Why do jocks travel in groups of three or more?  
So that their total I.Q. equals that of an average person.

25. Fort Book. Known as "The Big Ugly Thing" to Engineers and as Fort Book to artsie-types. Waste of valuable concrete. Looks like a peacock from 6,000 miles up.

26. Gas Station.

27. Fort Box. Factory sealed and ready for inspection.

28. Drill Hall. U of T's own barn.

29. Varsity Stadium. Otherwise known as Toronto's Largest Open Bar. Attend a Blues game or two to get in shape for Oktoberfest.

31. Shiek Shack. Used condoms sold cheap.

30. Musle. You call that music?? Ugh!!!

32. ROM. Home of the original mummy. It is presently experiencing a cultural revolution.

33. Frank's. Most prominent

member of Death Row. Raw pizza anyone?

34. Uncle Billy's House. We own it and we're gonna repossess it, so watch out, Billy!

35. Uncle Billy's Out House. He supplements his income by renting out the basement. P.E.T. gets a discount.

36. D.J.'s. Hic! Burp! Hic! More beer please.

37. Hart House. A baven for Engineers in the middle of artsie territory. Ever since women were admitted to this former bastion of male chauvinism, there has been a movement afoot to rename it "Hard House."

38. SAC. IT SUX!!!!!!



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# TOIKEOIKE JOIKES

Two ethnologists up with the  
Sioux,  
Wired home two punts, one  
canoe.

The reply the next day,  
Said girls on their way,  
But what in the world is a panoe?

There was a young man from  
Nantucket,  
Who's cock was so long he could  
suck it.  
He said with a grin,  
As he wiped off his chin,  
If my ear was a cunt I would  
fuck it.

How can you tell that the  
female body was designed by a  
Civil Engineer?  
Who else would put a dump  
next to an eating place.

Did you hear about the female  
water skier at the nudist  
colony?  
She forgot to let go of the tow  
rope when she fell and set a  
record for the 100-yard  
douche.

What is the difference between  
a Queen's nurse and a bowling  
ball?  
You could probably force  
yourself into eating the bowling  
ball.

What did the leper say to the  
prostitute?  
Keep the tip.



In current advertising, hit  
songs have become theme songs  
in commercials.

For example, Coffee Crisp  
uses "Another One Bites the  
Dust" and Thrifty's uses  
"Valley Girls".

The latest company to follow  
suit is the Ira Rotenberg  
Chastity Belt Company. The  
proposed theme song is the Go-  
Go's hit "Our Lips are Sealed".

What is the difference between  
a bowling ball and a McMaster  
nurse?

You can only get three fingers  
into the bowling ball.

Why do girls have legs?  
So they don't leave trails like  
slugs.

Why are girl's lips vertical  
instead of horizontal?

So when they slide down  
bannisters they don't go bbbbbb.

Why is a prick like a Rubik's  
Cube?  
The longer you play with it,  
the harder it gets.

In California, how do they  
separate the men from the  
boys?  
With a crowbar.

Why are pubic hairs curly?  
If they were straight they'd  
poke your eyes out.

What were Chief Running  
Waters' two daughters called?  
Hot and Cold.



First in a Series of Aliens

-Collect them all

# DJ'S

E.T.: D.J.'s is just  
outa-this-world!

E.T. wasn't crazy. Before going  
"home" he stopped in at D.J.'s for  
the best beef bonanza this side of  
Andromeda.

**DJ'S**  
HYDRO PLACE  
200 University Ave.  
595-0700

**BUFFET \$2.99**  
**BONANZA**

Present this coupon with \$2.99 (PST extra) for a complete dinner of either home-  
made lasagna, cantalini, meatballs, chicken cacciatore, or daily special with  
salad and OJ's homemade bread and butter. This coupon valid after 5 p.m. Inr  
dinner Monday to Friday. Offer expires October 29, 1982